

The World

Published by the Press Publishing Company.

THURSDAY EVENING, MAY 2.

SUBSCRIPTION TO THE EVENING EDITION

(Including Postage) 30c.

PER MONTH.....\$3.50

VOL. 29.....NO. 10,117

Entered at the Post-Office at New York as second-class matter.

BRANCH OFFICE: 1907 Broadway, between 31st and 32d sts., New York.

BROOKLYN: 350 Fulton st., Brooklyn.

Department, 150 East 10th st., Philadelphia.

PAID: 1237 East 11th st., Philadelphia.

WASHINGTON: 610 14th st., Washington.

LONDON OFFICE: 22 COCKSHUOT ST., TRAFALGAR SQUARE.

300

Guns Fired on April 20

IN EACH OF THE SIX PRINCIPAL CITIES OF THE UNION

Announced to All America

THAT THE CIRCULATION OF

The World

HAD AVERAGED OVER

300,000 COPIES

PER DAY

During the First Quarter of the Year.

The Record for 5 Years:

Average Daily Circulation of THE WORLD during

the First Quarter of the Years named:

1895.....108,599 Copies Per Day

1896.....177,749 Copies Per Day

1897.....210,144 Copies Per Day

1898.....225,796 Copies Per Day

1899.....322,725 Copies Per Day

A TIMELY WARNING.

The EVENING WORLD heartily indorses the

timely warning contained in Bishop POTTER's

sermon on Tuesday before the President and

others of the public servants against the de-

generate political tendencies of the present.

At a time when sedition was being carried

to excess, and everything and everybody was

covered with a coating of sycophantic veneer,

his note of warning came as a needed danger

signal and was a distinct public service of

value.

The celebration of the glories of the past

should not blind the people to the dangers

of the present. Who can conceive of Wash-

ington resorting to the political methods of

to-day?

Money did not buy one office one hundred

years ago. The plutocrats endanger the Re-

public far more than did the Hessians.

The extent that Bishop Potter sounded

the warning note against base political ten-

dencies, against demoralizing spoils meth-

ods, against the corrupt use of money,

against the overwhelming dangers of plutoc-

racy, every clear-sighted lover of his coun-

try is likely to agree with him.

It is unfortunate that the bold Bishop

should have weakened the force of his in-

arrangement of these real dangers by his in-

comprehensible remarks about "Jacksonian

vulgarity."

But, aside from a few unaccountable blem-

ishes of this sort, Bishop Potter's sermon

was a brave and noble effort, and his warn-

ing note should be heeded by the country.

AN AXIOM OF CONSTITUTIONAL GOVERNMENT.

Now that the festivities of the Centennial

are over, we beg to call the attention of our

State Senators to the necessity of passing

without delay the Tax EXEMPTION CHILD-

REN'S BILL.

How could they better begin the second

century of constitutional government than

by according to the parents of children,

menaced by the aggressions and autocracy of

Bureaucrats, the right of appeal from what

has been aptly termed "malignant philan-

thropy?"

The right of appeal is an axiom of consti-

tutional government. Give it to parents and

children.

THE BONE AND SINOW.

On the first day of the Centennial Tax

EXEMPTION WORLD took exception to the to-day-

ing remark of the Herald that the "bone and

sinow" of this country is found in Wall

street.

After viewing the industrial parade of

yesterday, with its thousands of artisans and

representatives of the diversified vocations

of our tolling millions, can there be any

doubt as to who constitute the "bone and

sinow?"

MUNDANE MATTERS.

This life is full of sudden changes. President

Harrison had only been gone from this city,

where his path had been strewed flowers, a few

hours, when he reached Baltimore, where hun-

dreds of people were waiting to see him, and

where he was met by a crowd of people who

were waiting to see him, and where he was

met by a crowd of people who were waiting

to see him, and where he was met by a

crowd of people who were waiting to see

him, and where he was met by a crowd of

people who were waiting to see him, and

where he was met by a crowd of people

who were waiting to see him, and where

he was met by a crowd of people who

were waiting to see him, and where he

CLAIMS TO BE HIS HEIRESS.

THE LATE MILLIONAIRE RICHARDSON'S

INDIAN GRANDDAUGHTER.

She Says the Harlem Miser Married Her Grandmother in California Forty Years Ago, and Her Mother Was Their Child—Minnow Is the Girl's Name and She Is a Servant in Cleveland.

A familiar character to residents in the upper part of this city, was Capt. Ben Richardson, the eccentric millionaire, who was known far and near as the owner of Washington's coach, in which he used to ride through the streets on holidays.

Old Ben, as he was known to many, was known to be a miser, and was accustomed to dress very shabbily. When he died, Feb. 20 last, he left a large fortune to be distributed among his numerous relatives.

None suspected that this old man had a romance in his life, yet from facts disclosed by the Cleveland Plain Dealer, a granddaughter of Indian origin is trying to establish her claim to a portion of the old man's vast fortune.

The story told by the girl, Minnow, is as follows: Ben Richardson went to California about forty-two years ago and located in San Francisco, where he became acquainted with an Indian named Theresa, and they were married by the Indian ceremony.

Richardson and his bride went to Vera Cruz, where a daughter, Paquita, was born. While the girl was yet a child, Richardson left his Indian family and returned to New York. Paquita grew to womanhood and married twice, Minnow being a child by her second husband, whose name was Frank.

Five years ago Theresa died, and two years later Frank also departed this life in New Orleans, where he lived with his family. A soon after her husband's death, Paquita sent Minnow to live with a Mrs. McCandless in Philadelphia, but the girl left soon after and found employment with Oliver Alexander, at 302 St. Clair street, in Cleveland.

While there employed she saw the announcement of Capt. Richardson's death in the paper, and remembering a story told her by her mother, who had since died, she hastened to lawyer Strimple to whom she related her Indian origin and asked what he could do for her.

Mr. Strimple and Mr. Babcock made inquiries and procured a copy of her grandfather's will, but Mr. Wood, the family lawyer of the Richardson family, states that the girl is illegitimate, as Mr. Richardson had a wife living when he married Theresa.

Mr. Richardson's relatives in this city say they never heard of the girl.

Over-Balanced.

(From Judge.)

Mr. Strimple (knocking at bedroom door of late-rising boarder): If you don't hurry, Mr. Wiseman, your breakfast will be cold.

Mr. Wiseman (from within): All right, madam. I'll be down just as quick as I get this other tooth filed.

What Kept Him.

(From the New York Weekly.)

Mrs. Tiptop (hostess)—Count Macaroni is late to-night.

Mr. Macaroni (from within): Perhaps his monkey is sick.

The Height of Exclusiveness.

(From London Punch.)

She—I believe you know my neighbors, the Chesterfield Browns?

He—Haw—well—I go to the house, don't bother you, and dine with 'em occasionally, and all that—but I'm not on speaking terms with 'em!

Why He Wept.

(From the Glasgow Herald.)

"Charlotte, my dear, how is it I find you weeping? Have you had news from your husband?"

"Oh! worse than that! My Arthur writes me from Carlsbad that he would die with ardent longing for me, yet that he could not do so affectionately at my picture and cover it with a thousand kisses every day."

"That's a queer matter," said his friend. "Just have it checked on the Long Island railroad."

Jersey City Lightning.

(From the N. Y. Daily.)

First Gentleman (a visitor)—Is this good whiskey?

Second Gentleman (a member)—That, sir, is the best we have.

First Gentleman—Well, then, I think I'll have some of the worst.

In Strict Confidence.

(From the Epoch.)

Mr. A.—May I confide in you? I have to tell you a secret.

Mr. B.—What is it?

Mr. A.—Looking around to see if anybody is listening—I need \$500.

Mr. B.—Don't fear. I will be as silent as the grave.

A Convenient Pronunciation.

(From Time.)

Jack Tar (as a salute comes from Fort Washington)—Say, you fellows, look in your guns afore you fire, will yer? Some of them picnic parties has been usin' 'n muzzles for refrigerators.

Commenced Young.

(From the Epoch.)

George—I will be forty years of age to-morrow.

Sam—Well, you look remarkably well for a man who has been drinking for thirty years.

A Good Boarding-House.

(From the New York Weekly.)

Jinks—I want a room at a boarding-house. Mrs. Stimble keeps.

WHERE MIRTH HOLDS SWAY.

SOME OF THE BRIGHTEST SAYINGS OF OUR HUMORISTS.

A Literal Statement.

(From Time.)

Mrs. Grenoble—You don't seem to enjoy the ballet as much as you used to, Leopold?

Mr. Grenoble—No, I had all my taste for it kicked out of me long ago.

No 910 Bonnet for Her.

(From the Outlook and Parlor.)

Husband—You want a bonnet and I want a pair of trousers, and I have only \$10.

Wife (sobbing)—You don't suppose I can get a bonnet for \$10, do you?

Pressure.

(From the New York Weekly.)

Invention Enthusiast—I understand that Keely has constructed a cylinder that will stand a pressure of 3,500 pounds to the square inch.

Practical Papa—Take him around to the dentist.

"I haven't any money."

"You won't need any money. The toothache will stop before you get there."

Centennial Conversation.

"Did you bring a field-glass with you?"

"Never thought of that; but we can drink out of the flask."

Ready for Breakfast.

(From the New York Weekly.)

Mrs. Stimble (knocking at bedroom door of late-rising boarder): If you don't hurry, Mr. Wiseman, your breakfast will be cold.

Mr. Wiseman (from within): All right, madam. I'll be down just as quick as I get this other tooth filed.

What Kept Him.

(From the New York Weekly.)

Mrs. Tiptop (hostess)—Count Macaroni is late to-night.

Mr. Macaroni (from within): Perhaps his monkey is sick.

The Height of Exclusiveness.

(From London Punch.)

She—I believe you know my neighbors, the Chesterfield Browns?

He—Haw—well—I go to the house, don't bother you, and dine with 'em occasionally, and all that—but I'm not on speaking terms with 'em!

Why He Wept.

(From the Glasgow Herald.)

"Charlotte, my dear, how is it I find you weeping? Have you had news from your husband?"

"Oh! worse than that! My Arthur writes me from Carlsbad that he would die with ardent longing for me, yet that he could not do so affectionately at my picture and cover it with a thousand kisses every day."

"That's a queer matter," said his friend. "Just have it checked on the Long Island railroad."

Jersey City Lightning.

(From the N. Y. Daily.)

First Gentleman (a visitor)—Is this good whiskey?

Second Gentleman (a member)—That, sir, is the best we have.

First Gentleman—Well, then, I think I'll have some of the worst.

In Strict Confidence.

(From the Epoch.)

Mr. A.—May I confide in you? I have to tell you a secret.

Mr. B.—What is it?

Mr. A.—Looking around to see if anybody is listening—I need \$500.

Mr. B.—Don't fear. I will be as silent as the grave.

A Convenient Pronunciation.

(From Time.)

Jack Tar (as a salute comes from Fort Washington)—Say, you fellows, look in your guns afore you fire, will yer? Some of them picnic parties has been usin' 'n muzzles for refrigerators.

Commenced Young.

(From the Epoch.)

George—I will be forty years of age to-morrow.

Sam—Well, you look remarkably well for a man who has been drinking for thirty years.

MRS. HARRISON STAYS HERE.

SHE WILL BE VICE-PRESIDENT MORTON'S GUEST UNTIL SATURDAY.

Mrs. Harrison will remain in the city until Saturday evening, the guest of Vice-President Levi P. Morton and wife.

This evening Mrs. Harrison will dine with Col. Shepley and wife, and to-morrow evening in Brooklyn with some friends, the Van Nortlands. She will leave for Washington in a private car on Saturday evening on the Pennsylvania Railroad.

Newspaper for President Harrison.

Mr. George Stimpson, Jr., of this city, has presented President Harrison with an interesting newspaper of the latter's visit to New York in "Washington and Independence"—one cent piece of 1783, the fellow of which Mr. Stimpson donated to the Bartholdi Statue Fund in 1883, and which then brought \$130. The coin is of French origin and bears a bust of Washington with the date 1783.

President Harrison sent Mr. Stimpson a letter saying the coin and thanking him for his kind interest.

St. Augustine's Holy Name Society.

The St. Augustine's Holy Name Society will hold a May Day in their parlors, 10 Prospect place, Brooklyn, May 2 and 3, in aid of their new church building.

Outgrown.

(From Harper's Bazar.)

"Mrs. Brown, I guarantee that piece of goods to wash without shrinking."

"Oh, you slick-tongued buff! Dem's jes de words you used when I bide dat calico idee's dress made on 'an' now look at it, shunk up mos' to her knees, when it high tched her heels when I bought them!"

"Why, really, I don't remember ever selling you such goods. Do you remember when you bought them?"

"I lemme see—think it was 'bout fo' yea's 'go."

An Eye for the Future.

(From the New York Weekly.)

Clerk—Shall I send a pair of our trousers stretchers with the trousers, madam?

Sad-Eyed Lady—No, indeed (sob), my poor husband will not need them; (sob) the trousers are (sob) for his funeral. He is (sob) to be laid out (sob) in them.

"Encourage your husband to wear nothing extra, madam."

Sad-Eyed Lady (reflectively)—Well, send them along. They may be useful some day.

Her Teeth Her Main Attraction.

(From the Epoch.)

Mr. A.—I must compliment you; you have a charming wife.

Dentist—Have you seen her teeth? Bertha, show him your teeth! I finished them only yesterday.

A Glorious Victory.

(From the Chicago Globe.)

"My victory," remarked a sanguine candidate on election day, "is like a sea of glory."

"In what way?" asked a bystander.

"It means that I am only one step away from the political aspirant."

Left All.

(From the Boston Courier.)

Black—No Brown in a deer?

White—Yes, he has gone.

B.—How much did he leave?

W.—Everything. Didn't take a cent with him.

At Club.

(From the Epoch.)

Downey—You look tired, aw?

Towney—Yes; been working eight hours—been workin'.

Downey—What was it, dear?

Towney—Inventing a new ewaway-twist, aw?

At the Broker's Office.

(From the Epoch.)

Caller—How do you know that your employer will not return till 3?

Office Boy (smiling)—He said, when he went out, that he would be back at 1.30.

Workers in the Vineyard.

(From the New York Weekly.)